

The waistcoats return

My Green

The lang legged ball is past.
Lang talked about oft. comes at last.
And though I've been to mony a spru.
Among them a this bears the que.

The room it was adarned fine.
The wul waxed floor did glitterin
It really was in order gran. (shine)
For ilka me to dance along.

The music man it did na jar
I've often paid twa bob for ware
Ye speak oither four for grub.
At that it could na pay the pul.

Some folk that were at supper said,
They'd seldom seen a better laid,
And Mr. M. she was na swear,
Iae treat ilka ane the a the cheer.

The drainer herd and farmers three
A laughed and danced richt merrily
Twas sic a great success the swear.
They'll hae anither one next year

The waistcoat whilk I donned, wiggle
But soon found out twas unco wee
Twad maybe fitted some mair slight
But noon my oxters it was tight

~~but were sicced out the buttons red~~
A tailor should have been your trade
The only thing I see your lacken
Is just a fortnight at the cuttin

The heritors, folk say are hard.
They'll no rick up the auld kirk yard.
They're beggin noo baith far and near
Aucht they can get frae rich or poor